

Newport Mercury

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA
ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1768.

VOLUME CXXXIX—No. 2.

NEWPORT, R. I., JUNE 19, 1897.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,863.

The Newport Mercury,

PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1778, and is now in its one hundred and fortieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with more than half a dozen exceptions, has been printed in no English language. It is also a quarterly newspaper—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable "farmers' and household departments." Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited amount given to advertising is very valuable to the consumer.

\$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 10 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Appleton's copies sent free, and special rates given advertisers by addressing the publishers.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall,

NEWPORT COUNCIL, No. 31, Order United American Mechanics; John S. Carr, Chancellor; James E. Mathewson, Recording Secretary, meets every Monday evening.

EXHIBITION LODGE, No. 12, I. O. O. F.; Herbert Hall, Noble Grand; Perry B. Dawley, Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening.

MALIBUS LODGE, No. 31, N. P. O. P.; Henry M. Young, Warden; James H. Goldard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Dr. Frederick Bradley, President; Alexander McLean, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

PHARMAKON LODGE, No. 530, K. O. H. Director, Elwin Norton; Reporter, C. H. Chase; meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.

HORNWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.; Thomas Lucas, Executive Commander; Daniel F. Bull, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. R. K. of P.; Sir Knight Captain, A. H. Davis; Charles H. Hill, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

The Knights Templars.

Wednesday night the annual inspection of Washington Commandery No. 4, K. T., occurred at the Asylum on Church street, at which time the Commandery also received a visit from Sutton Commandery of New Bedford. The New Bedford Sir Knights arrived on special cars at 7:00 p. m. and were met by Washington Commandery. Headed by the Newport Band, the line of march was taken to the Asylum where refreshments were served. At 8:10 o'clock the line was reformed and a call made at the Aquidneck, where the inspecting Officer and suite were quartered. Upon arriving there distinguished gentlemen a short street parade was made to the Asylum where the inspection took place in accordance with the ritual. Eminent Sir Grand Captain General Herbert F. Moore, grand captain general of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, performed the duties of inspecting officer, assisted by Past Grand Commanders W. H. Hale of Boston and Charles C. Gray of Lynn. Grand Junior Warden George E. Hilton of Lynn, Grand Standard Bearer Freeman C. Hersey of Boston, Grand Captain of the Guard Henry S. Rose of Boston, Grand Lecturers Albert H. White and E. Bentley Young of Boston, Past Grand Standard Bearer Charles E. Pierce of Boston, Past Grand Lecturer Smith B. Harrington of Boston, Past Commander Edward S. Davis, Generalissimo John C. Ryder and Captain General George A. Brackett of Joseph Warren Commandery of Roxbury, Mass., and Past Commander John H. Brown of Olivet Commandery of Lynn.

A banquet served by Muendorf followed the inspection, after which the grand officers and members of Sutton Commandery were escorted to the Aquidneck. Thursday morning carriages were taken and the visitors given a drive around Ocean, Bellevue and Ochre Point avenues with stops at Fort Adams, where an Artillery drill by the light battery was witnessed, and at the Life Saving Station at Price's Neck where luncheon was served. Upon completion of the drive dinner was served at the Aquidneck and at 6 o'clock the visitors were escorted to the depot where the start for home was made.

Board of Aldermen.

At a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen held Thursday noon, the pawn broker's bond of George W. Flagg, was approved, with Peter Keane and Shanahan as sureties. The applications of John C. Tucker and James M. Mead for eating house licenses were referred to the chief of police and those of D. B. and J. L. Allen and of Albert G. Crosby at Easton's Beach were granted, as was also that of Roger Barone for sale of junk and of M. J. Pinto for a pool table. The following were drawn as jurors:—

Grand—Walters S. Biven, Charles E. Guenther, George E. Rico, Robert Francis, Robert Bunnick, Adam Humprecht, John A. Hazard, G. Theodore Swan, William H. Holt, William G. Seabury, Peter J. Gilroy, George Tallman, James H. Sanford, William H. Langley, Cornelius O'Leary, Edward Wilson, James P. Taylor, Silas H. Hazard, Oliver H. P. Belmont, John W. Orr.

Petit—James Morgan, George H. Fearing, George Seaford, Charles L. Tripp, John E. Read, William Williamson, George E. Read, William K. Correll, Samuel F. Pease, Frank E. Manchester, Stephen P. Barker, James Wolen, Clarence A. Carr, S. S. Coulter Hancock, James T. Kaull, Elisha N. Peckham, Henry G. Lynch, William Sullivan, James Byrne, William Gash, John T. Reagan, John Nolan, John Lahiff, Eugene Hartmann, George G. Barker, Florence F. Sullivan, William Bacheller, John Caswell, Leander K. Carr, Fred M. Hammatt, James McQuade, F. Augustus Ward, Edward B. Pitman, Charles D. Mueller, Thomas Dowd, William H. Lawton, John Sullivan, Robert Henderson, Neil McLevan, Tattersall Duckworth.

Death of Mrs. Springsteen.

Mrs. Susan M. H. Springsteen, formerly of this city, died at her home in Kingston, N. Y., on June 11, in the 61st year of her age. The deceased was born in Newport, and was one of twelve children of the late Joshua Tripp of this city, all of whom are dead except three brothers. She married James Springsteen of Oswego, N. Y., where she went to live. After the death of her husband she removed to Kingston where she lived until 1832, when she returned to Newport and lived here until about six weeks ago. She then returned to Kingston where she intended making her home with her niece, when she was taken sick and after two weeks of suffering she died. She was a most estimable Christian lady. Funeral services were held on Monday of this week.

The Anowon Burned.

Capt. Sonders' steamer Anowon was totally destroyed by fire Tuesday morning at her dock in Saundertown. The boat was built about four years ago to run between Saundertown and Providence and had just returned from Providence on her first trip since being overhauled and put in thorough repair for the season's business. She was well known in these waters, having for the past three years been used to bring the New York Sunday papers here from Wickford. She was of about 60 tons burden, measured 100 feet over all, drew 7 feet of water, and was equipped with 200 horsepower engines. She was valued at \$11,000 and had no insurance.

Tuesday of this week Commander George A. Converse turned over the command of the Torpedo Station to his successor, Lieutenant Commander Thomas C. McLean. The ceremony was without any unnecessary formalities.

The old summer house or bandstand, which long since ceased to be an ornament to the premises, has been removed from in front of the Ocean House.

School Board.

The regular meeting of the school committee was held Monday evening. The superintendent reported that the percentage of attendance during the past month had been 62.3. The trustee officer reported that of 184 cases of truancy reported by teachers, 188 were found to be detained by sickness and 16 were truants. Five children were found who did not attend school. Of these three were sent to the public and two to the Catholic schools.

The superintendent was authorized to prepare the school calendar and it was voted that the graduating exercises take place during the last week of the term.

The matter of advertising for proposals for printing the annual report and for fuel, etc., was referred to the committee on finance.

There was some discussion concerning the award of the Read and Pell medal for scholarship in the First Grammar schools, some of the board thinking that the medals should be awarded to the boy in each school of that grade making the highest average, rather than to the two highest averages made in the grade irrespective of the school. It was finally decided that the medals be awarded to the two male pupils having the best records and that the examinations be under the direction of the superintendent.

The report of the committee on teachers was received and adopted. It suggested that frequent grade meetings should be held, at which subjects and methods should be freely discussed.

It also suggested that teachers take advantage of every chance to visit schools in other places. Another valuable suggestion contained in this report is that all teachers should read constantly some good educational journal. By this means they will keep in touch with new ideas and methods of imparting education. Of course, this reading must be done in a critical spirit, each teacher doing his best to judge of the value of the ideas under consideration, by the light of his own experience and thought in the matter.

It was voted to abolish the Warren Geography in the schools and introduce the Werner Geography.

It was also voted to ask the City Council for an extra appropriation of \$5000 for use by the committee on buildings.

The report of the special committee on studies and examinations was presented by Mr. Perry and adopted by the committee.

The election of teachers resulted as follows:

Frank W. Thompson, Rogers High School, \$3,000.

John R. Lester, Rogers High School, \$2,750.

Ruth B. Franklin, Rogers High School, \$1,200.

Mrs. J. Vogt Smith, Rogers High School, \$1,200.

Kate L. Clark, Rogers High School, \$1,200.

Mary E. Levitt, Rogers High School, \$750.

Marion C. Standish, Rogers High School, \$500.

George H. Bryant, Townsend Industrial, \$2,600.

Edwin F. MacCready, Townsend Industrial, \$2,600.

George Russell, Townsend Industrial, \$1,200.

Ernest A. Nichols, Townsend Industrial, \$1,200.

John F. Howell, Townsend Industrial, \$1,200.

Herbert E. Stanford, Townsend Industrial, \$2,250.

Sarah M. Mansfield, Townsend Industrial, \$2,250.

Elizabeth T. Howorth, Townsend Industrial, \$2,250.

Mary G. Buckley, Townsend Industrial, \$2,250.

Albert E. Caswell, First Grammar, \$1,700.

Elizabeth H. Bennett, First Grammar, \$1,700.

Elizabeth H. Bennett, Second Grammar, \$1,700.

Rebecca T. Bowsher, Second Grammar, \$1,700.

Annie E. Nichols, Second Grammar, \$1,700.

Alfred F. Pocock, Third Grammar, \$1,700.

Henry G. Lynch, Third Grammar, \$1,700.

Mary G. Murphy, Flat Intermediate, \$1,700.

Frank E. Hayes, Flat Intermediate, \$1,700.

Harriet F. Friend, First Intermediate, \$1,700.

Elizabeth C. Kierman, First Intermediate, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Second Intermediate, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Second Intermediate, \$1,700.

Elizabeth H. Stern, Second Intermediate, \$1,700.

Margie C. Wilcox, Second Intermediate, \$1,700.

Mary M. Nance, Second Intermediate, \$1,700.

Elizabeth T. Howorth, Third Primary, \$1,700.

Mary G. Murphy, Third Primary, \$1,700.

Mary G. Murphy, Fourth Primary, \$1,700.

Mary S. Ulrich, Fourth Primary, \$1,700.

Henrietta C. Gorton, First Intermediate, \$1,700.

Alfred F. Hayes, First Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, First Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Second Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Third Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Fourth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Fifth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Sixth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Seventh Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Eighth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Ninth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Tenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Eleventh Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twelfth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Thirteenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Fourteenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Fifteenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Sixteenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Seventeenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Eighteenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Nineteenth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twentieth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-first Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-second Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-third Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-fourth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-fifth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-sixth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-seventh Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-eighth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Twenty-ninth Primary, \$1,700.

Harriet C. Kierman, Thirtieth Primary, \$1,700.

WHO'S WHO?

By HUGO ST. FINISTERRE, M. D.
(Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)

CHAPTER XIII.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

The description given me by Tom Discoo was sufficient to locate the old stone structure where I had agreed to meet him and Jake Huke. It was on the right in going to the Palatines, was reached by a plainly marked path, and near enough to the highway to be perceived during the daytime.

Situated among the trees, which at this season were in full bloom, it would not be visible at night. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, for me to find it but for the fact that when I strolled past it some time before I was led by a natural curiosity to scrutinize it quite minutely. My memory of places has always been good, and I felt little fear of a mistake.

I was fairly beyond the suburbs of Englewood, with the houses becoming few and widely separated, and was walking at a moderate pace, for there was plenty of time at command. Frequently I turned my head, stood still and listened. Now that the drama had opened I could not free myself of a vague fear that Covey Cone had managed to outwit me and was shadowing my movements.

It was when this feeling was the strongest that I made the disquieting discovery of which I have spoken. Somebody was following me.

At the moment of turning my head an obscure mass of drifting vapor passed from before the bright moon, whose rays flooded the earth. The lighting up of the landscape showed me the outline of a man in the path walking in the same direction with myself.

There was the possibility that he was an individual who held no interest in me. He might be on his way to visit a neighbor or some one taking the stroll for his own pleasure.

All this was possible, but the action of the stranger shut out such a comforting conclusion. He must have possessed keen eyes, for hardly had I stopped in my walk when he did the same.

Thus two men, separated by more than 100 yards, stood as motionless as statues, peering at each other through the gloom.

Suddenly the shadowy figure began to grow misty and uncertain. It flickered and danced in an odd way and then vanished altogether. Another cloud had veiled the moon that darkness enveloped the stranger.

The observation was only for a few seconds, when the ragged sift glided off and the earth was bathed again in silver light.

I had not stirred in my position, but was still trying to pierce the darkness, waiting for my man to be out to view. But he did not. The place which had so lately known him knew him no longer. He had taken advantage of the temporary deepening of gloom to slip out of sight.

"Maybe he is a country man, who was startled by my stoppage and running around that he fled homeward or climbed over the fence and hid. And yet I suspect that fellow is Covey Cone, though how he got on my track passes my comprehension."

Nothing was to be accomplished by standing at the roadside, and I resumed my walk at a still more deliberate pace, frequently glancing over my shoulder whenever the uncertain light offered the opportunity.

I had kept this up for perhaps ten minutes when a curious flicker drew my eyes to a point behind me, but on the other side of the highway. Something moved among the shadows, and but for the peculiar direction of my gaze I would not have perceived it.

When we met directly at the Pleiades, we can count but six stars, but a careless glance shows the full seven. Had I been gazing at the point I would not have observed the eddy fluttering on the other side of the road.

Looking straight at the point I saw nothing. Nevertheless I knew that in that brief interval when my man slipped from sight he had darted across the road and had been following me ever since from the other side.

One of the most uncomfortable sensations imaginable is that of knowing that some one is stealthily following us at night. The temptation to break into a run or to dart to one side and hide becomes almost irresistible.

I have said that I carried no deadly weapon with me—nothing except my resistless strength—but in these modern days there are innumerable situations in which even so miraculous a gift is worthless. A tiny pistol bullet would be as fatal in my case as it would have been to the ancient Samson.

Still it was not to be supposed that the individual at my heels was seeking my life, and, while keeping an eye to his actions, I continued moving toward the Hudson.

Suddenly I became aware that strangers were in front. Not one man, but three. Instead of following the path, as I was doing, they were in the middle of the highway. They were big, strapping fellows, trouzey and ill clothed, and members of the pestiferous class of vagrants known as tramps.

I increased my pace, intending to hurry past them, but the burliest rogue, who was a pace or two in front of his companions, turned to one side so as to place himself directly in front of me. I moved to the right, but he intruded himself again. Evidently he meant to hold me in check.

"Good evening, boss!" he said in a husky voice, at which his two companions paused in the middle of the road and watched him from under their sloped hats. They were ready to give help, but could not believe it necessary, for the scamp confronting me was a third greater in size and weight.

"Good evening. What do you wish?"

"Which way might you be going?"

"Can't you see for yourself?"

"Don't be impudent, boss. We're workin' the growler and are in hard luck. Can't you give us a lift?"

"I might, for I have a good pile of money with me, but I don't like to use it for buying drink for other folks. It wouldn't be right."

"Bis your inherent heart, we don't ax ye to use it. It's us! Come, she'll eat!" And he advanced threateningly

toward me.

"No; I shall not let you have a dollar, though I have plenty with me."

"You won't, eh? Well, that's good."

He made a plunge like a bull, half lowering his head, as if he meant to butt me. As he came within reach I grasped each of his upper arms and lifted him so quickly from his feet that they flew straight up, so that I held him head downward. Then I whirled him about several times, as if he were a ball, and leaping toward the gaping mireholes in the road whipped them with the legs of my man so violently that both were swept off their feet and sent sprawling in the middle of the highway.

They were partly stunned, but began climbing up again. Before they were erect I resumed thrashing them with my man's tail, driving one far to the right and the other to the left. Then with terrified exclamations they fled at headlong speed in the direction of Englewood.

Meanwhile the big fellow in my grasp was wriggling and making terri-



I flung him a dozen yards.

ble threats. Having no further use for him, I flung him a dozen yards among the trees and, with my hands on my hips, waited.

I heard him crashing through the limbs and leaves and finally fall to the ground with a resounding thump. Then all was still.

"I hope I haven't killed him, but he must have been jarred pretty badly!"

No, he wasn't dead, for I heard him moving among the undergrowth. He came cautiously forward until I saw his dim outlines at the edge of the wood. There he paused and stared at me for a full minute before speaking. Then his tones were not only husky, but tremulous.

"Did Mr. Jones, when he called, arrange that your family were to be avenged?"

"Whoever he comes back, dem am his 'rangements. He tolle me today dat it war to be done. I related to him 'ow do datens. Dat war special provendeen. I ullers blebes in such things—Sh!"

He straightened up with the quickness of an Indian scout. I had heard nothing, but the next moment the soft sound of approaching footsteps fell on my ear.

"Dat yo', Mr. Jones!" asked Steph, rising to his feet and peering into the gloom.

There was no answer, but the man walked forward until the lamplight through the open door revealed his identity.

"Good evening. I am here ahead of you."

It was I who made this salutation, though I did not rise to my feet. Tom Discoe was looking for me, and, recognizing my voice, replied:

"I didn't believe you would come."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I didn't think you had the sand. You're a big coward."

"You may find before this business is finished that I have no much courage as you."

"We'll see. Steph, I want to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir."

Without apologizing to me, he led the negro off in the darkness beyond earshot. I could hear the murmur of their voices, but was unable to catch a word of what passed between them.

Since Discoe came back alone, the explanation of the incident was simple. Steph had been placed on guard to give warning of the approach of strangers. Evidently Mr. Discoe did not mean to neglect any precaution.

He speedily returned to where I sat in the chair smoking. He remained standing, halting directly in front of me.

"Did you bring the money with you?"

"Did I say I would? Isn't that narrow enough?"

"I won't believe it till I see it."

It was clear that Discoe was in one of his ugliest moods. He had not forgiven me for deferring this payment until the present. I had blinded him at Englewood, and it rankled in his memory. It was natural that he should not expect to meet me here at night; that I had done so was proof I was scared into the step. It would be strange if I came that far with \$10,000, but still stranger that, knowing his desperate character, I should have ventured to make the journey without the money. He was not the man to stand trifling.

I studied the scoundrel. His face had a look so malevolent that I was convinced he meant to assault me after I should turn over the money. He seemed to hold an inextinguishable hatred of me.

"Come into the house."

The command could not have been groter had it been addressed to Steph. It angered me; but, secure in my position, I rose, and, carrying the chair in one hand, went inside and sat down by the table.

He took his position on the other side, with the bright lamp between us.

"Now let me see that money."

I withdrew the large pocketbook from under my arm, opened and held it up so that he could observe the crisp \$1,000 bills.

"Do you note them? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—even \$10,000!" I said, sliding them one after the other. It was my thumb and forefinger, so that all passed in review before him.

Perhaps I had mistaken the building, and yet that could hardly be.

While I stood in doubt and perplexity, hesitating whether to advance or wait for further developments, I caught the odor of tobacco-smoke. It was not a cigar that some one was smoking, but the weed was one, sharp, strong and rank.

Then a tiny glow shone in the doorway, and it was explained. The owner or occupant of the house was seated there smoking his clay pipe.

"Good evening, boss."

"Which way might you be going?"

"Can't you see for yourself?"

"Don't be impudent, boss. We're workin' the growler and are in hard luck. Can't you give us a lift?"

"I might, for I have a good pile of money with me, but I don't like to use it for buying drink for other folks. It wouldn't be right."

"Bis your inherent heart, we don't ax ye to use it. It's us! Come, she'll eat!" And he advanced threateningly

giving. I walked forward, and as the short, heavily built African rose to his feet to receive me I wondered how he had failed to see him from the first.

"Good evening," I called in return, going forward to where the lamplight fell full onward. He scrutinized me closely as I approached and was disappointed.

"Yo' ain't do geman dat I was lookin' fur, but I guess yo's do geman what was disinterested by dooder folks. Walk in, boss, and makes yo'self at home."

CHAPTER XIV.

A SURPRISE.

"Whom are you expecting?" I asked, walking forward.

"Boss Jones and Brown."

These were not the individuals for whom I was looking, but the negro made it clear with his next words.

"Mr. Jones was out head dis mornin' and said as how him and Mr. Brown was to meet a young geman dat was comin' out dis evenin'; reckons yo' an dat geman."

"I think I am. Did they mention my name?"

"Dean's disremember. Won't yo' walk inside?"

He made a movement, but I checked him.

"The night is not too cool to stay outdoors."

"Den I'll bring yo' a cheer," which he proceeded to do.

"Thanks!" And I seated myself near him, while he resumed his place in the doorway. I lit a cigar, crossed my legs and leaned back at ease, intending to question him as to the past, for there was more than one curious phase about this business.

"What is your name?"

"Steph."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Bout ten years."

"Have you no family?"

"Not much; only Dine, my wife, and 'leben chilen."

"Eleven children! Where are they all, and where is your wife?"

"She and de chilen went to do sarcus dis evenin'."

"Where is the circus?"

"Over at Hackensack, five or six miles off."

"When do you expect them home?"

"Waud, de sarcus obter to ober bout 10 o'clock, and dey'll be so hungry dat dey'll hurry home, and arter got hero in free or four hours."

"Did Mr. Jones, when he called, arrange that your family were to be avenged?"

"I heard him crashing through the limbs and leaves and finally fall to the ground with a resounding thump. Then all was still.

"I hope I haven't killed him, but he must have been jarred pretty badly!"

No, he wasn't dead, for I heard him moving among the undergrowth. He came cautiously forward until I saw his dim outlines at the edge of the wood. There he paused and stared at me for a full minute before speaking. Then his tones were not only husky, but tremulous.

"It's the circus!"

"Oter at Hackensack, five or six miles off."

"When do you expect them home?"

"Waud, de sarcus obter to ober bout 10 o'clock, and dey'll be so hungry dat dey'll hurry home, and arter got hero in free or four hours."

"Did Mr. Jones, when he called, arrange that your family were to be avenged?"

"I heard him crashing through the limbs and leaves and finally fall to the ground with a resounding thump. Then all was still.

"I hope I haven't killed him, but he must have been jarred pretty badly!"

No, he wasn't dead, for I heard him moving among the undergrowth. He came cautiously forward until I saw his dim outlines at the edge of the wood. There he paused and stared at me for a full minute before speaking. Then his tones were not only husky, but tremulous.

"It's the circus!"

"Oter at Hackensack, five or six miles off."

"When do you expect them home?"

"Waud, de sarcus obter to ober bout 10 o'clock, and dey'll be so hungry dat dey'll hurry home, and arter got hero in free or four hours."

"Did Mr. Jones, when he called, arrange that your family were to be avenged?"

"I heard him crashing through the limbs and leaves and finally fall to the ground with a resounding thump. Then all was still.

"I hope I haven't killed him, but he must have been jarred pretty badly!"

No, he wasn't dead, for I heard him moving among the undergrowth. He came cautiously forward until I saw his dim outlines at the edge of the wood. There he paused and stared at me for a full minute before speaking.

Woman's
Best Friend.
Dirt's Worst
Enemy.

Largest package—greatest economy.
THE H. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston,
Philadelphia.



Clothing.

JOHN ALDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

17 Mill Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats
specially.

Liveries of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF
Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire
line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to
complement foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15
per cent. less than our regular prices. This
we do in order to make room for our Spring
and Summer styles, which we will receive
about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of
our goods to be the best and to give general
satisfaction.

The first 15 days, from Newport and Inst
p. m., boat from Providence stop at Prudence
and Conant Park daily, South Ferry, 10 A.M.

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, 10 A.M., boat to
Providence, Fall River Line, boat from New
port via stop at Prudence and Conant Park

Excursion Tickets only 50c.

ARTHUR H. WATSON,
President and General Manager,

PROVIDENCE, FALL RIVER & NEWPORT

STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

For New York the South and West.

Steamers PRISCILLA and PURITAN in
commission.

An Orchestra on each.
Leave New York, Tuesdays and Sundays, at
9 A.M. and 1 P.M.

RETURNING from New York, steamers
leave Pier 18 N.Y., Pier 18, Murray Street, week
days and Sundays, at 5 P.M. Eastward
steamers touch at Newport every morning, re-
turning at 1 P.M. 15 A.M. 1 P.M. before proceed-
ing to Fall River.

For tickets and information apply at New
York and Boston Deputed Express office, 212
Thames Street, J. J. Green, Ticket Agent.

GEO. L. CONNELL, Passenger Manager.

O. H. TAYLOR, General Factor.

J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R.I.

PROVIDENCE, FALL RIVER & NEWPORT

STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

On and after June 13, leave Newport for

PROVIDENCE

STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

Week days 8 A.M. and 3 P.M. Sundays at
8 and 11 A.M. 1 P.M. and 6 P.M. Leave Providence
at 8 A.M. 1 P.M. and 6 P.M. Sundays

The first 15 days, from Newport and Inst
p. m., boat from Providence stop at Prudence
and Conant Park daily, South Ferry, 10 A.M.

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, 10 A.M., boat to
Providence, Fall River Line, boat from New
port via stop at Prudence and Conant Park

Excursion Tickets only 50c.

MCLENNAN BROTHERS,

196 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

JUST RECEIVED

a large stock of

NECK WEAR

FOR THE

HOLIDAYS.

In all the new Shapes.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

199 THAMES STREET,

Agent for Rogers, Post & Co's

Clothing.

H. D. SPOONER,

TAILOR,

Removed

—TO—

233 1-2 Thames Street.

NEW STOCK.

CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS

LINOLEUM,

RUGS, MATS

ART SQUARES,

WALL PAPER,

—AND—

WINDOW SHADES.

Standard Goods at Low Prices.

W. C. COZZENS & CO.,

138 Thames St.

Artistic Beauty

and Permanence

are the desirable qualities contained in our

"Mezzo-Tints."

We have a large collection on exhibition at
the Studio, and invite you to call and see

Particular attention paid to
Children's Portraits.

E. H. CHILD,

242 THAMES STREET.

Riches of Rockefeller.

A two-line paragraph on the financial page of a morning newspaper, says a New York correspondent, makes this announcement: "Standard oil certifies yesterday sold for \$300, the highest price yet reached."

There may not seem to be anything wonderful in that, but, nevertheless, it means that in the past two months one man's fortune has grown just \$55,000,000, and in the past three months just \$20,000,000. A million dollars is a stupendous sum, but when it comes to adding \$20,000,000 to one's fortune in three short months it is an achievement beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mortal, who finds it a Herculean task to make a bare living.

The little paragraph had a still more potent meaning, and that is the wealth of John D. Rockefeller has now reached the sum of \$244,000,000, and, furthermore, is increasing at the rate of \$1,600,000 a month, or \$90,000 a day, or \$7,000 an hour, or \$34.60 a minute, or 67 cents every second of time, day and night, Sundays and holidays.

John D. Rockefeller sleeps eight and one-half hours every night, rising at 10:50 and rising at 7. Every morning when he gets up he is \$17,000 richer than when he went to bed. He sits down to breakfast at 8 o'clock and leaves the table at 8:30, and in that short half hour his wealth has grown \$10,116. On Sunday he goes to church, and in the two hours that he is away from home his riches have grown \$16,165. His nightly amusement is playing the violin. Every evening when he picks up the instrument he is \$50,000 richer than he was when he laid it down the previous night. These little facts give some idea of the relentless growth of this man's fortune.

The average great millionaire is content if his wealth is so invested that it will bring in 6 per cent. Many are content with 3 per cent, but the Rock-feller riches earn more than 7 per cent. That part of it invested in the Standard Oil Company earns 12 per cent based upon a \$500 value of the shares. The par value of the certificates is \$100, and they are now paying dividends at the rate of 30 per cent per annum. The belief that they will soon pay 40 per cent is the cause of their recent appreciation.

Just how Mr. Rockefeller's fortune jumped \$20,000,000 in three months is easily explained. He owns 500,000 shares of the Standard Oil Company, or a trifle more than one-half of the total capitalization. The par value of these is \$50,000,000. In February last the certificates were sold at \$200. At this figure his holdings were worth \$10,000,000. Today, at \$203, they are worth \$160,000,000. Last August Standard Oil certificates were sold at \$100. At this figure his holdings were worth \$50,000,000, or \$50,000,000 less than they are today.

Jay Gould achieved world-wide fame as a money maker. When he died he left \$22,000,000, and the world stood astounded at the wonderful achievements of the man—\$72,000,000 in forty years, almost \$2,000,000 a year! But here is a man whose wealth has grown at the rate of \$60,000,000 a month, and the outside world scarcely dreams of it; a man who earned his first quarter of a dollar hoeing potatoes on a Tioga County farm, in the upper part of this State, a man who thirty-five years ago did not have \$1000 to his name.

Rockefeller's wealth is not all locked up in the Standard Oil Company. He has nearly a solid \$100,000,000 invested in many enterprises of vast magnitude. Great estates he has tied up \$15,000,000; in steamship lines, \$2,000,000; in iron mines, \$15,000,000; in bank stock, \$25,000,000; in natural gas stock, \$4,000,000; in manufactured gas stock, \$3,000,000; in mines in Western States, \$5,000,000; in Government bonds and miscellaneous securities, about \$2,000,000, and cash in cash about \$2,000,000.

All of the figures just given are approximate, as the securities are constantly fluctuating, and the incessant flow of income necessitates new investments. A total estimate, however, of \$244,000,000 can be regarded as conservative. His fortune may be greater by \$10,000,000, but it is hardly less than this figure just given.

This places John D. Rockefeller at the head of the millionaires, not only of this country, but of the world. At one time it was said that Li Hung Chang was worth \$60,000,000, but this was proven a great exaggeration, the man not owning property worth one-fifth of the sum.

There is one important question connected with the fabulous growth of this man's fortune, and that is—What will it amount to in the next twenty years, should Mr. Rockefeller live that long?

Bucks Paid Dearly for Their Scrap

Two Susquehanna County men, a few weeks ago, returned from a bear hunting trip through Pike County, Pennsylvania, bringing with them a pair of locked horns, which they obtained from an old hunter in that section. The hunter, in prowling through the woods, came upon the carcasses of two fine bucks, their horns firmly interlocked. They evidently had been fighting, and in the struggle had locked horns. Being unable to get them separated, and, consequently, unable to obtain any food, they had starved to death in that position. One set had nine prongs. The horns are so firmly locked together that it is impossible to separate them without sawing off one of the prongs.—[New York Press.]

When asked by his mother why he remained on his knees after he had finished his prayers, a little boy replied: "Well, mother, you know it is the hymn, 'Jesus trembles when he sees the weakest sinner upon his knees,' and I thought I'd make him shake a little longer."

Mrs. Grimm (looking up from her newspaper)—"My goodness! I have just been reading an item about a man who traded his wife for a shotgun. What in the world do you suppose made him do that?"

Old Grimm—Probably the gun was warranted not to kick.—[Puck]

"Did you hear about Grizzly?" said the man with the long mustache. "He ate Smither's hundred dollars that he could live on bread and water fifteen days."

"What did he do with the money?" asked the man in the corner. "They bought his coffin with it. His wife insisted on making the bread."

"Did you wish to see anyone in particular, madam?" asked the soft rustling behind him. "Yes, a woman was there, and he was after Marcelline Wellington."

His inclination was to turn about and leap upon the one at the rear. He peered into the gloom, waiting only for the moment when he could discern even faintly his outlines.

But, suddenly changing his mind at sight of the dim figure in front, he leveled his pistol and said in a low voice:

"Up with your hands! One yell, and you're a dead man!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Thomas Jefferson Not a Democrat.

It is painful to be forced to unmask a man who has been so long held up as the exponent of Democratic doctrine, but a stern sense of duty to the free silver and spoils Democracy of the present couples us to portray him in his true colors. It is not right that he should represent the enthusiastic laudations of Chicago platform Democrats when he was false to nearly every one of the great and glorious principles which they formulated in 1856. What right had Jefferson to pose as a Democrat anyhow? What pretensions to Democracy had a man who actually believed in applying business principles and common sense to national affairs, who had old fashioned ideas about the sacredness of obligations, who demonized silver when he saw it was necessary for the public good and who was a civil service reformer.

Logically the only thing for the free silver Democrats to do is to denounce Mr. Jefferson instead of praising him and to adopt resolutions reciting his various glaring heresies and formally reading him out of the party, for it is absolutely certain that if the Chicago platform is to be taken as the expression of true Democratic doctrine Thomas Jefferson was not a Democrat and must descend from his pedestal as the father of Democracy.—[Baltimore Sun.]

Much wants more and loses all.

Is Japan Fifty Years Ahead of Us?

The exportation of gold under existing circumstances involves no danger to this country, but it is not pleasant to reflect that the present shipments are called for partly to furnish the supply for Japan. It is less than 50 years since we bombarded the heathen Japanese to bring him to a realizing sense of our high civilization, and now apparently Japan is 50 years ahead of a large number of our people in that practical and important development of civilization which demands that it shall take 100 cents to make a dollar.—[New York World.]

Having again secured a large stock of

HENRY C. ANTHONY'S

Garden and Vegetable Seeds

I would respectfully notify the public that this is the only place to be obtained. All the superior seeds and vegetables are imported to my care with the most expert attention.

I would especially call the attention of the public to the superior and tested

ONION SEED AND SWEET CORN,

which are pronounced the best in the market.

A. A. BARKER,

Dealer in Groceries, Grain, Farming

Utensils, &c.

151 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1-14

The great fire of New York took place

in 1835. The value of property destroyed

on this occasion was \$15,000,000.

Banking and Insurance

INSURANCE NOTICE!

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN

MERCHANTS' BANK.

151 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1-14

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES heretofore

represented by me, have been transferred to

THE WEEK'S NEWS

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

Massachusetts legislature prorogued at 12:47 a. m.—First test vote on sugar-schedule results in adoption of Republican caucus amendment—Attempt to kill governor of National Soldiers' Home in Leavenworth, Kan., with dynamite—Excellence in Marlboro, Mass., over employment of non-residents in building a steel railway—New York Chinese celebrate the Festival of the Dragon-Boats—Four Gloucester (Mass.) fishermen have a narrow escape—Log boom breaks at Guild Hall Falls, N. H.—Bath, Cooper and Titus ride in the bicycle races at Wards, N. Y.—Opening of the spring golf meeting at the Country Club—Philadelphian cricket team scores 269 runs in its match at Manchester, Eng.—General Stewart L. Woodford to be offered the position of minister to Spain—Close of the hotel men's convention in Boston—President McKinley visits the Tennessee exposition, and makes a speech—Nativity public of Providence accused of making false certificates on pension claims—Lodging against use of vestments caused resignations at meeting of council of Reformed Episcopal church—Harold D. Gilbert of Newton, Mass., lost in Connecticut river near Newell, Vt.—Torpedo boat Porter put through her maneuvering paces—President of East Maine Conference Seminary resigns.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.

Armistice between Greece and Turkey broken—Loss of the schooner Circuit's crew on Cape Cod alleged to have been due to cowardice of the life savers—Duke of Devonshire addresses colonial premiers in London—William J. Bryan arrives in New York, but has little to say—Report in Havana that General Rivera is to be shot at once—Senate Republican caucus arrived at no conclusion respecting the Hawaiian neutrality treaty—Fund to be raised for Mark Twain—Cases of glanders in Lyon, Mass.; five horses condemned and four placed in quarantine—New England, again wins the championship of the National International Scholastic Athletic association—Two Holyoke, Mass., men drowned in the Connecticut while trying to save human—Essex County Inter-scholastic Athletic association holds its annual games—Annual out-of-door Shakespearean play at Wellspring college—Laborers threaten the life of the mayor of Somersworth, N. H.—Young woman robbed of \$225 on Washington street, Boston—Practically no progress on the sugar schedule in the senate Saturday—Strike of the founders, General Electric company's river works, Lynn, Mass., de-manded off—Attempt to assault a 15-year-old girl in the town of Harvard, Mass.

MONDAY, JUNE 14.

Attempt to assassinate President Faure of France—Punishment of Italy's murderers to be demanded; Spahi getting her navy in shape; message expected from President McKinley—Treaty of annexation of Hawaii being drafted—Report of the arrest of Stanley, the Cheyenne brave, for the murder of Setter Hoover received at Washington—Old man found dead near Week's Mills, Me., with several bruises on his body—Prominent Alston (Mass.) druggist and a dressmaker missing—Ferdinand May, who attempted to corner whalebone market, located in Yucatan—American opposition in thread business not feared in Glasgow—Buildings unroofed by terrible wind and hail storm at Caldwell, O.—Notable display of Fall River's (Mass.) textiles and other products for the Latin-American visitors—Cause of Private Holster's death at Massachusetts state camp shrouded in mystery—Bob Cook, Yale's coach, enthusiastic over advantages of country about the Thanes for training—Treasure having smooth sailing at present—Movement to reform the seating arrangements of the house of representatives, Boston—William J. Bryan and Arthur Sewall dine with Chairman Jones at Washington—Four-thousand-mile tour to be made by the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry bicycle corps—Seventeenth exhibition of the American institute to take place in September—Concession to navigate Lake Niagara acquired by the Atlas Steamship company—Grand Prix de Paris, chief event of French racing year, won by Doge—Firemen's memorial day observed in Boston and many other places—Majority report charges "hooliganism" in Kansas legislature—Passenger arriving at New York dies of yellow fever—Golden Jubilee of St. George's church, Buxton, Mass.—Cinthian Lodge of Masons of Concord, Mass., to celebrate its centennial Wednesday—Many reforms being made in postal matters—Swampscott fishing schooner wrecked on Hurling's ledge, Mass.; crew saved—Daring attempted highway robbery in Cranston, R. I.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

Mulley and Finneran sentenced for obtaining money from city of Boston by false pretenses—Arrival at Boston of the foreign members of the advisory board of the Philadelphia museums—Barney Barnato, the South African diamond king, committed suicide at sea—Vigorous protest by Burlington (Vt.) citizens against proposed \$2 tariff on white pine—Ellie Island (N. Y.) immigrant station destroyed by fire—Higgins' breeding stables and valuable horses burned in Misouri, Mont.—New York police stop three glove fights and arrest the principals—Boston seamen strike for higher wages—Standard oil certificates make a new high record—St. Paul road cuts the round trip rate to New York—Senator Hoar defends the character of the people and of the senate against the aspersions of Mr. Tilden—President will send a Hawaiian annexation treaty to the senate as soon as the tariff is passed—President's party visits Baltimore, George Vanderbilt's palace in North Carolina, and resumes the journey to Washington—William J. Bryan refused to take part in Knights of Labor demonstration in New York—Masonic meeting in London in commemoration of the queen's jubilee—Cruiser Brooklyn arrives at Southampton—British calculations of arbitration treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela exchanged—No places in the army for the graduates from West Point, N. Y.—Large increase of new applications for war pensions—Boston Press Cycling club foreign team will ride as representative of L. A. W.—Mrs. Mary (Dean) Chickering of Norwood, Mass., observes the thirtieth anniversary of her birth—Annual reclassification of presidential posts.

—Lieutenant Commander McLean to succeed Commander Converse at Newport naval station—First brigade, New Hampshire National Guard, begins its annual tour of duty—Trial of Cigar trust officers delayed by charge against a juror—Warrants issued for arrest of several members of River (Mass.) city government—Pardon refused Murderer Kipke—Ordination of members of Hartford—Organization of members of the senior class of Tufts divinity school—Gang of Italian shoulderers can-

tured in New Haven and \$2000 worth of plunder recovered—Iron furnaces and mills at Pittsburg starting up again—Cooper beats Bald in a mile bicycle race at Rochester—Republican senators caucuse again on hard places in the new tariff sugar schedule.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.

Latino-American delegates banquette by the city of Boston at the Algonquin clubhouse—Administration plans the annexation of Hawaii—Wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson, at Webster, N. H., a notable affair—Manager of Westfield, Mass., telephone exchange missing and account short—Senate disposes of sugar for the present and resumes consideration of the agricultural schedule—Allison and Platt disputed over the tariff situation—Stock exchange governors to cut off outside subscribers to quotations—Improved financial condition gratifies treasury department officials—A Cleveland woman claims to be the daughter of Barnato, the diamond king—Dr. James B. Angell accepted by the Sultan as United States minister to Turkey—East Boston citizens want a new library building—Trial of newspaper correspondent Shriver for contempt of the senate commenced—Mystery surrounding death of prosperous China (Me.) farmer—Memorial services, under auspices Colored National League, in honor late ex-Governor Russell at Boston—Opening of the women's championship tennis tournament at Philadelphia—T. P. Connett, the runner, returns to Boston from abroad—Death of Thomas L. Maguire, a well known oarsman—Bald wins two bicycle races at Elmira, N. Y.—South American commercial delegates opposed to the new tariff—Elevator men falls from the 10th floor of the new Hotel Touraine at Boston—Annual meeting of Massachusetts Army Nurses' Association at Boston—"Tom" Barnard declared a professional by the L. A. W. racing board—Supreme court decides against appointments made by Mayor Courtney of Lowell, Mass.—Charlestown's carnival preparations Charlestown's (Mass.) carnival preparations completed—Council for Mulrey and Finnegan will probably test constitutionality of statute relating to stay of execution of sentence at Boston—Madden (Mass.) aldermen, for first time in several years, vote to grant six class senior licenses to druggists—President's Cuban policy delayed by failure to find the right man for Spanish mission—Student who painted pedestal of statue of John Harvard expresses sorrow for the act.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17.

The Hawaiian annexation treaty signed, sent to the senate, and referred to foreign relations committee—General Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn appointed minister to Spain—Bunker Hill celebration in Charlestown, Mass.—Senate disposes of 13 pages of the tariff schedule—A large field of candidates for office of immigration commissioner in Boston—Cornell crews arrive at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Opposition on part of Socialists to Eugene Debs' utopian scheme—Montreal broker claims to be brother of deceased millionaire Barney Barnato—William Sidney of Greenwich, Conn., arrested on charge of murder—General P. A. Collins guest of honor at dinner at Boston to surviving members of Massachusetts senate of 1860—Dedication of Moody Memorial Chapel in Fairfield, Me.—Directors of Milk Producers' union and Directors (Me.) board of union come to an agreement—Firebug tries to burn a church filled with people in Portland, Me.—Great damage by the recent earthquake in India—A 75-year-old French general fights a duel with swords—Desperate battle in the Philippines stands—Another bomb explosion in Paris—Report of medical examiner on death of man found dead in militia camp in Framingham, Mass., says death was due to alcohol—Sarah A. Dixon ordained to the ministry and installed in Tiverton, Mass.—Float day at Wellesley college—Man shot by a burglar in Enosburg Falls, Vt.—Liquor seller kills himself in Blue Hill, Me.—Important liquor law decision by Maine supreme court—Governor Ramsdell reviews New Hampshire National Guard—Another crisis in the affairs of the Massachusetts Benefit Life association—Maine Sons of Veterans in annual encampment—Honorary degree of LL. D. conferred on ex-President Cleveland by Princeton university.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18.

Michael defeats McDuffie in the 15-mile bicyclic race at Cambridge, Mass.—Secretary Sherman's opposition to the administration's foreign policy likely to cause his retirement from the cabinet—Frank Howard sent to the state prison for life for murderously assaulting and robbing old Dr. Morris; his accomplices given not less than 15 nor more than 25 years—Ex-Secretary Foster succeeds in his mission regarding the seal protection—Senate disposes of the liquor and cotton schedules of the tariff bill—All Republican differences on the tariff to be settled in caucus—Signature to alleged Davis will at San Francisco pronounced a forgery—Pan-American visit Providence and witness the opening of the industrial exhibition—Reunion of the Boothby (Me.) association in Wakefield—Last full day of annual encampment of the New Hampshire national guard—Man shot and killed by a woman and her brother in Texas—Dedication of the Bourne (Mass.) memorial library—Tom Burke lowers the 600-yard running record at Newton, Mass.—Weld Boat Club won five of the seven boat races on the Charles river at Boston—Secretary Long inspecting the Charlestown navy yard—S. W. Thurston of Lowell, Mass., dies of injuries sustained by being thrown from his bicycle—New York merchants organize and will attempt to draw trade to that city—General Woodford will go to Spain at once; Cubans ask this government to save the lives of two officers—Bicycle tailors' strike in New York ended—Porto said to have decided to accept the decision of the powers—Queen Victoria's sight is not affected—Addicks Republicans in Delaware find fault with the national administration.

S. V. Encampment Ended.

Waterville, Me., June 16.—The Sons of Veterans encampment concluded yesterday by the election of officers, as follows: Division commander, Arthur M. Steele of Portland; senior vice commander, Rev. George E. Leighton of Skowhegan; junior vice commander, E. Kirk of Bangor; delegates to the commandant-in-chief, W. S. Looney of Port Jand, G. W. Gragg of Bath, R. A. Cone of Augusta, J. C. Colby of Waterville; division council, L. L. Cooper of Augusta, F. E. Hooper of Bath, Charles E. Merrill of Auburn.

National Manuscript Soñ.

London, June 16.—At a sale of old manuscripts at Sotheby's auction room yesterday Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" (published 1810) and other poetical manuscripts brought £120, and "Old Mortality" (published 1816) and other prose manuscripts brought £60. The Nelson memoir realized £100, and a collection of Robert Burns' manuscripts brought £25.

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS.)
A Sure and Safe Remedy in
every case and every kind
of Bowel Complaints.

This is a true statement and
it can't be made too strong
or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick
cure for:

Cough, Consumption,
Colic, Cold, Neuralgia,
Diarrhoea, Gout, Toothache

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Keep it by you. Beware of
Imitations. Buy only the
Genuine—Perry Davis'.

Sold Everywhere.

BLOOD WON.

Fair Anna Was a Deacon's Niece, but she
Enjoyed the Race.

One of these men who came from the
country and has climbed from
the bottom of the ladder to the top to
tell a story on his wife, whose
second beauty is crowned by a mass
of silken hair as white as cotton.

"We both lived on the farm then," he
says. "Anna was an orphan and brought
up by a strict old uncle, who was a dea-
con. She was pretty and bright, but so
prud and straitlaced that she would
enact nothing to which the deacon
himself objected, and no old Covenanter
ever drew the lines more closely than he did.

"Next to Anna my affections were
centered on a colt that was good to look at
and developed a wonderful speed and
gumption that spoke of aristocratic de-
scent. I told this to no one but Anna,
and it was with great difficulty that I
induced her to ride on Sunday with me
to a camp meeting behind a real trotter.

"Going to the meeting I regulated
the colt's pace to suit the day and the
occasion, and he was as sedate as the
deacon himself. The only girl of the
neighborhood who pretended to rival
Anna in beauty was there with a young
fellow who prided himself on having
the fastest horses in the country. Toward
sun-down she told Anna that we had better
start home early. They would require
much less time and would probably
pass us on the way. That made me mad
and I thought I detected an un-
wonted fire in her eyes. We were jog-
ging homeward as decorously as we had
gone, talking solemnly as we should,
when there was a rush past us, a cloud
of dust and a mocking laugh that bade
us 'good-bye.' My colt was prancing and
pulling like a tugboat. I was bound to
please my girl, grinding as it was.

"Let 'er go!" came between her red
lips and white set teeth just as a girl of
the period would say "Let 'er go, Gal-
higher."

"That was enough. Fences and trees
flew the other way. Blood told, and the
colt seemed on wings. When we were
near Anna was so excited that she
yearned to take the reins for fear I
shouldn't win the Sunday race. But the
gallant colt shot us through ahead. It
wasn't long till Anna wore a little jew-
el and tolerated cards to the extent of
playing 'old maid'!"—St. Louis Republic.

WINDFALLS FOR GAMINS.

Two Lavish Gifts Bestowed on a Pair of
Bright Boys.

Quite recently the pretty wife of a
prosperous manufacturer was looking
into a confectioner's window when a
barefoot lad of about 10 coolly walked
up to her and placed his rugged arm
through her.

"Excuse this liberty, ma'am," he
said, with comical ceremony, "but I
ain't got a mother of my own, an I feels
lonely. Will ya kiss me?"

For a moment the lady was too as-
tonished to speak, but the tight of the
dirty face turned so audaciously up
that she drove away her indignation.
Much to the amusement of the passers-by
she kissed the lad soundly, and then
brought him where she lived and dismissed
him with two copper coins. But that was not
the end of the little incident, for some
weeks after the boy was hunted up by
the lady's husband and presented with
\$100—"payment for the kiss taken in
front of the confectioner's window,"

the lady said.

—Imprisonment For Assault.

Boston, June 18.—Frank Howard, who
on April 27, with David Cummings, mur-
derously assaulted Dr. Patrick Morris,
the venerable Washington street
druggist, was yesterday sentenced to
state prison for life by Judge Fessenden.
Cummings was given not more than 25
and not less than 15 years. The doctor
who is 76 years old, made a pitiable
appearance on the stand. It was diffi-
cult to understand what he said, so weak
was his voice. Howard went into his
drug store at noon, and under the press
of a wounded leg got Dr. Morris to stoop
over. Cummings came in and grasped
the doctor, the two men unmercifully
beat him and stole a gold watch and
\$37 from the till. The assault was seen
by many people, but the men got away in
the crowd. A description of them re-
sulted in their arrest. After trial the jury
almost immediately found them guilty.
Howard expressed great sorrow for his
part of the transaction, and pleaded for
mercy on the ground of poor health.
Cummings had nothing to say. The
judge then imposed the sentences. They
are the most severe administered for an
assault in Suffolk county in recent
years.

Michael Dente McDuffie.

Cambridge, Mass., June 18.—"Jimmy"
Michael, the Welsh wonder, beat "Eddie"
McDuffie on the Charles River park
track yesterday afternoon in the hottest
15-mile bicycle race ever run in America,
and at the same time established a new
15-mile park competition record of 23m.
12s.

Mrs. Lucifer's Rings.

Chicago, June 18.—Quite a sensation
caused yesterday's hearing of the
habeas corpus proceedings in the case
of Adolf Luetgert, the rich sausage
maker, charged with murdering his
wife, Anna Greer, who was employed
in the kitchen in 1893, positively

identified the rings found in the vat as
having belonged to Mrs. Luetgert.

Because They Were Hired.

West Point, N. Y., June 18.—Bertram
Sanders and a youth from Arkansas,
whose names could not be learned, have
returned to their respective homes and
declined to further take part in the
examination for cadetships on the ground
that they had been severely hazed.

Queen Lill Protests.

Washington, June 18.—Ex-Queen Lill
protested yesterday against the annexation
of Hawaii by the United States. Secretary Sherman received the
protest, but will say nothing about it.

He then walked away, leaving the
astonished youth in possession of a
windfall amounting to over £30.—London
Telegraph.

Honorary Degree Conferred on Cleveland.

Princeton, N. J., June 17.—Grover
Cleveland had the degree of LL.D. con-
ferred upon him by Princeton universi-
ty yesterday. This ceremony was the
principal feature of the commencement
exercises. There was considerable ap-
plause when Mr. Cleveland arose to be
presented to President Patton as a can-
didate for the honorary degree.

Empire's Fault.

Boston, Mass., June 18.—The labor
troubles at the Ames Rubber company,
which seemed fully adjusted last week
by the new schedule of prices, have
broken out again. Union men Murray

and Marlowe calling out the union
men. Murray would not explain why

the men were ordered out. With the
union men out of the shop only 13 em-
ployees remain at work.

LIKE DAYS OF OLD

Outdoor Celebration of Anderson-Perkins Wedding.

Three Thousand Friends of Bride Gather
to Do Her Honor—A Joyous Scene—
Feasting and Fireworks.

Webster, N. H., June 16.—Mr. and Mrs.
Larz Anderson gave a wedding reception
last night to the people of this and sur-
rounding towns.

Mrs. Anderson regards the months
spent in the country estate here of
her father, Commodore George H. Perkins,
as the most delightful in her life, of
whose 20 years they would, in the ag-
gregate, form fully half. In her riding
and driving far and wide she has
met nearly all the inhabitants of the
countryside, and she has charmed them
one and all by the instructive courtesy
and helpful sympathy.

"Queen Isabelle" they used to call her,
though in no sense has she conducted
herself as an aristocrat, but rather as
she really is, an ideal American girl.
Anxious to do her honor, the people of
Webster and its surrounding towns,
Warren, Hopkinton, Salisbury, Bos-
ton and even the nearby cities, Con-
cord and Franklin, turned out last night
by the thousands. It is estimated that
3000 men, women and children drove in
over the muddy country roads to take
part in the festivities. It was a gathering
without a parallel in the history of
New Hampshire, at least.

The bridal couple were assisted in re-
ceiving by Mrs. George H. Perkins, Mrs.
Anderson's mother. Commodore Perkins
blushed, although taking no formal
part in the proceedings, had a hearty
welcome for all. Among the guests of
the occasion from Boston were Mrs. A.
S. Freeman, William A. Gaston and Dr.
George W. Guy. Mrs. Woodland of Concord,
a cousin of Mrs. Anderson, was also present.

A magnificient display of fireworks was
given from float in the lake, comprising
100 pieces, and consuming several
hours in its execution.

Refreshments were served to 1000 of
those present, and a band rendered musical
selections during the entire evening.

The details of the celebration were in charge of Roger Foster, Miss
Anderson's cousin, who is the representative<br

PORTFOLIO.

Don't Be Sorry.

Don't be sorry, mother, when de gun don't
blow. World's full of trouble an' complainin'.
But still day is a blossom what a grower
on't value. De storm blowin' over on de weather.
De deaf's smellin' sweetner for de rain.
Don't be sorry, momma, when de night comes
down. Wot's mighty full er sin sorcerers.
But a little sin's a peepin'-deas a people all
at once. Some day's a-breakin' on de bells er
play-some. En de birds'll be single on tomorrow!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Selected Verse,

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

If a stupid woman is unoccupied, nothing serious will come of it. But if a clever woman should be given something to do. Another good rule is that if a woman is not ignorant of life, she had better have learned it from life and not from books.

Olive Torrey was clever and had nothing to do. She lived at a frontier post, and could go in neither for charity nor clubs nor fads. She had a husband who studied, and no children; so there was nothing for her in her home. She had come straight from a southern California town—and there is less of life to be seen there in a given period of years than in any other spot upon the earth. But she read—largely Dickens and Thackeray and Crawford and Bouget; which taught her a great deal the bad had no right to know. She dreamed dreams of love at first, while she was a bride; but they were not very realistic dreams. She had to idealize her husband vigorously to make them endure even a year; and one cannot idealize a husband successfully. It is too much on hand; more especially in a four-company post.

She was a good woman—therefore, when she failed on the husband it did not occur to her to try some one else, though there were two promising bachelors. Instead, she went at the novels of manners again, and with new devotion, and dwelt on the parts that dealt with intrigue and ambition and success in the world, and skinned over the love parts. She did not believe in them much now. So her mind became filled with this sort of thing, and there was no rest for it. She wanted to be a brilliant, disillusioned young matron, courted by diplomats, a power in salons, by which ambitions were just a bit difficult of realization where she was.

Lieut. Torrey would not be worked up to her pitch. He read war records and Interior Department reports, and thought great thoughts about Indians, and would have made himself a nuisance to the people of Washington, if they had not become used to that sort of thing and thick-skinned long ago. He was an unpleasant kind of man, and a soldier neither in appearance, nor by instinct, nor in actions. She had to be the service what the man who signs his letters "A Citizen" is to a local newspaper. He was always making petty objections to and complaints against what is. And what is should be bowed down to and silently worshipped by a good officer. In short, he was not at all the sort of man for his wife, and she did not need to be as clever as she naturally was to find this out.

At four-and-twenty she thought she was old and experienced and quite capable of handling any sort of sharpened tools. Although she never ceased as unhappy, or thought herself particularly so, the idea came to her that she would like to have the making of a man, to be the Egeria to some Nue-Jost what she would make him she had not determined. She would have to have the man first. She got him. He came straight out from West Point, and he was hopeless—impossible.

"Joo, don't you think young Gordon is promising?" she asked her husband. Gordon had come the day before.

"Promising to be about like all the others." There was infinite contempt in that "all the others"—men with no ideas.

"I don't know. It seems to me he has a clever face, the face of a man—that is, a man of the world, in embryo. She was trying to see him in the light of her own imagination. It is quite human and very feminine to persist in trying to idealize those about one, and only a great many dismal failures succeed in curing one of the habit.

"It struck me that he had the face of a boy from West Point."

His wife's good nature was unflagging. "Now—yes. But he could be made something of."

"A major, if he lives."

Mrs. Torrey was silenced, but not damned.

It must not be supposed that Torrey was ill-natured; only he had an earnest repulsion for service automata who went to revolve and early stables and rote, and went on as officer of the day, and had no soul above company funds. Otherwise, he was an abstracted, good-natured, tidy little man.

Mrs. Torrey continued to think that that Thomas Gordon was good material to work with. She liked his name. It smacked of the statesman. She called his face irreproachable, when it was just wark. She saw acuity in his eyes—which were shifting. She discovered evasion in his speech—which was trivial. Physically, he did fairly well. He was tall and slender, in distinguished sort of way. There was no cause for the distinction; it was neither in himself nor inherited. If there had been any girl at the past he would have fallen in love and married, and then Mrs. Torrey couldn't have done anything with him. As it was, he came to her naturally; nobody else wanted him. She set to work by giving him her books to read. He knew enough West Point French to glean all the harm there is in Balzao and Burger. When Mrs. Torrey talked life as therein portrayed, he talked love as they showed it forth.

"It seems to me that the greatest delight in living that a man could have would be to wind other men around his finger."

"It seems to me that it would be to wind women around his finger," her husband would say.

"Only as a means to an end," she argued.

"That goes without saying," he answered, with the wrong sort of look. The books had taught him that from which Mrs. Torrey recollects she didn't mind keeping down into shape, and she was afraid of pitch. However, she reassured her—let me tell you, she said, next day.

"It is a pity for a promising young fellow to be thin like a scrawny, bony bird from the Mississippi away out here on the prairie." The impulse struck her as being a sin, to be touched. So I continued mixing up her comfort story: "You ought to be on the theatres of the world, a shining light without losing your words."

"Why not in the orchestra too," she said, watching the dresses?

"That was clever enough to be preserved in a sample of repartee," she told him; for she insisted upon seeing him through very rosy spectacles, and when she found the rosiness fading or

How Book Collecting Pays.

wearing away in spots, she laboriously tinted them up again. She talked diplomacy, the world, life, ambition, to him constantly. She lost sight of the fact that no officer has very little use for that sort of thing. She brought him to correct tastes in the matters of art, and literature, and music, and, above all, personal appearance.

He absorbed how to cut his finger nails, probably, for she never actually told him, and he stopped clipping them on the bias. He tried at saying things with his eyes; pretty generally the things had to be said over with his tongue, but both of them laid that down to Mrs. Torrey's stupidity. After all, Gordon was improved. It took eighteen months to get him into shape, and then he said he was in love with Mrs. Torrey. The way she had brought him up made him hard to handle. He had no kinds of ideas that do to books and salons and French, but are bad, in fact, in the army and in English. They ran with the eye talk, and Mrs. Torrey understood that. But she pretended she did not; so he thought her stupid again, and put it in words. He was very fiery about it—in the books. They were on the porch together after dark. This was rare, for she was careful of appearance usually.

"Do you know that you have become like to me?" he asked.

"I have tried to show you life."

"Don't talk to me in that cold, instructive way, as though you were years older than I—and homely. You are only half a year older, and what is that?"—wherein the Balzo showed—"and you are beautiful."

"Oh no, I am not."

"At least you have the face of a Madonna."

"To you it should be the face of a brother officer's wife."

"Can't you see that I love you passionately?"

"I can see that you think you look romantically, but you don't."

He did, however. He was in earnest, and he had had the decency to keep it to himself for a long while. Then he burst out, and after that he made his life a burden. She saw that it was her fault, and she ought to have recognized that the kindest thing to do in the long run would be to drop him relentlessly then and there. Instead of that, she tried to reason with him and to comfort him, which, of course, did not work. He said that if she shook him off altogether, he would kill himself, and he might have done so, because his brain was a romantic muddle. Mrs. Torrey was in a very bad predicament when Uncle Sam came to her aid. He ordered Lieutenant Torrey to Baltimore on recruiting service.

Torrey lived in Washington, and went over to Baltimore to the office every day. In two months Gordon had a sick leave and was in Washington. Mrs. Torrey was frightened. She flew into a rage, and told Gordon what she thought of his notions. He retorted by calling her heartless. It ended in a parting with tears and curses; and Gordon married an heiress before he went back.

Mrs. Torrey felt sorry for him. She saw he had broken his heart, worsened his life. She would do what she could for him. At least she would further his ambitions. He should owe his worldly success to her. She had learned a good deal by real experience now, and she was young, brilliant, very pretty and marvelously attractive. She is alone quite a feature in Washington society, a woman of the world who never lost her head, whatever she might make otherwise. All this in less than two years. She knew there was no use in trying to advance her husband, and she did not particularly care to, because she had found out now that she was unhappy, horribly unhappy, and that her life was a flat thing. She cared for the Gordon she had made more than she guessed. The real interest of her life lay in him. Her influence was great, because of her social powers and her beauty and attractiveness, and by dint of trying in those thousands of hints that there are of doing such things, she got Gordon an attachment at the Court of St. James.

It was improbable that he did not know whom to thank, but, however that might have been, he gave no sign and neither did she, except to turn horribly pale when she met him on Compagnon Avenue one afternoon. She smiled wanly and pitifully, and only looked deep into her son with hurt eyes. He had mastered that much of oys language. He was rather pleased at the obvious success of it, but she betrayed his heart was broken, and was miserable as a naturally good and honest woman is when such a thing is on her conscience.

A year later she was in another frontier garrison, and her husband came in with the mail.

"I say, Olive—you remember Gordon? Well, he's recalled from England."

"Why?"

"It's all in this letter that came to Harcourt. Do you want to read it? He followed the example of the classic parrot, it seems, and talked too much."

"As a diplomat he's not a success."

And in six short weeks he brought her further news.

"I say, Olive, what do you think young Gordon's been and gone and done now?"

"What?" she arched desparately.

"Got himself into a devil of a scrape with a woman there in Washington, and he's had to resign. Here's some of it in 'The Army and Navy'; the rest is in the letter from Walker. He'd better have stayed with his regiment and done his duty, and left foreign courts for men that were born for them."

"Perhaps you are right," she answered. [Gwendolyn Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Dog On Wreck.

The steamship "Munich," of the North German Lloyd line, which reached port last night, brought with her crew of the French fishing brigantine "Marie," which had been dismantled in a gale. The "Marie" was waterlogged and in a sinking condition when the "Munich" sighted the craft.

The hero of the party was Noir, a stargy Newfoundland. While the crew were dropping into the boats from the abandoned vessel, one of them fell overboard. In an instant Noir leaped into the water, and as the man was to be seized his blouse in his teeth, supporting him until his companions pulled him into the boat. Noir then scrambled in and wagged his tail happily, while the rescuer leaned higged him in a sailor French burst of gratitude. [New York Ledger.

Young Husband—Do you know what I would do, my dear, if that lady was not sitting opposite?

Bride—No, what would you do?

Young Husband—I'd sit over there myself, for I can't bear to ride back."

"How did the manager get all those women out of that burning building so quickly?"

"He went on the stage and announced that a man down at the entrance was giving away samples of baking powder!"

I hear that Judge Blackwell is studying law reading," said he in a lawyer.

"If that is the case," said the law.

"I am going to leave town before I get arrested for contempt!" [Indianapolis Journal.

Intimate Friend—Do you think you can go to heaven feeling as you do to ward Mrs. Bigelow?

Mrs. Chubley—Certainly. I don't expect over to meet her there.

Every man is a pilot on a calm sea; save be that bath her.

Chicago Tribune.

Watson's

W. C. Watson's

Furniture.

OLD OAK

Chamber Set,
Wire Springs

AND

SOFT TOP MATTRESS,
for \$25.00,

—AT—

BRYER'S.

PACKING.

WE PACK!
FURNITURE, CROCKERY,
BRIC-A-BRAC, PICTURES and
STATUARY.Only experienced hands employed.
All orders promptly attended to.

We carry a fine line of

Modern and Antique Furniture,

Carpets, Mattings and Rugs.

J. W. HORTON & CO.,
42 CHURCH STREET.
J. W. HORTON F. A. WARD.

Druggists.

Charles M. Cots,

PHARMACIST,

302 Thames St.,

TWO DOORS NORTH OF POST OFFICE

NEWPORT, R. I.

JAMES T. WRIGHT, Ph. G
REGISTERED PHARMACIST,

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery,

Manufacturer of Wright's Ointment, a Distinctive of the highest merit.

Wright's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil,

Wright's Blackberry Cordial,

Wright's Sarsaparilla, etc.

Washington Square, Newport, R. I.

J. T. MARTIN,
BOTTLER,

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

And agent for:

LEAVY & BRITTON'S CANADA MALT ALES AND THE CELEBRATED WHATCHEER LAGER

558 Thames St., over, Lee Avenue,
Families supplied. Telephone 2200.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1897, my place of business will be No. 13 Market Square. Any one who has business or personal will please affix their name.

I shall have larger premises and will pay an additional second-hand furniture and antiquities.

ROCCO DABONE, Ferry Wharf, N.Y.

"GRANGE STORE."

SPRING STYLES, 1897.

BOOTS & SHOES,

Patent and Animal Leather, Kangaroo,

Calf, Russet and Russet

Vice, et al

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.,

214 THAMES STREET.

Quidide Whiskey

Prevents and Cures a Cold.

Breast tonic known to all the principal saloons in New York.

T. J. LYON, Agent.

HERBS.

All kinds of herbs in general use are kept on sale at the

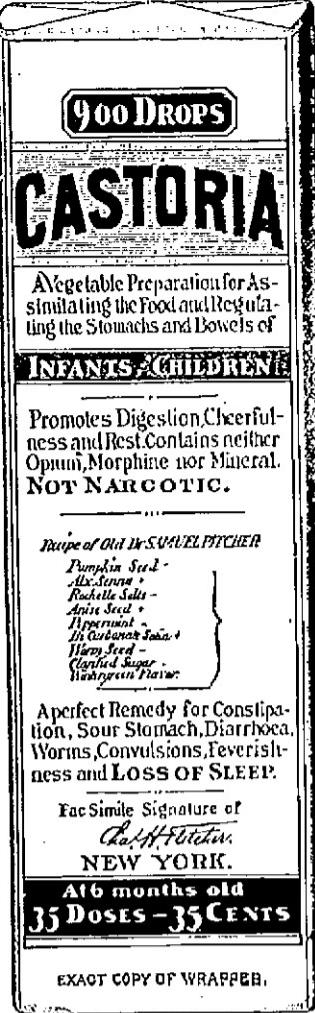
Enterprise Store,

No. 64 Thames St.,

In quantities from one ounce upwards, or any not in stock will be procured at short notice.

S. B.—These have been selected by an experienced herbalist, and are guaranteed.

D. K. PEACE.



SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Dr. H. Fletcher IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Get it at your get O-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food appetizing and all forms of moderation without the cheap effects. ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

PORTSMOUTH.

The regular monthly session of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held in the Town Hall on Monday, when the following business was transacted:

PHONATE MATTER.—The first and final account of Mary E. Gifford, as administratrix on the estate of Lezckiel Clifford, deceased, was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first and final account of Edward R. Anthony, as executor of the last will and testament of James G. Kelb, deceased, was allowed and ordered recorded. The account showing a balance of \$600 due the estate, and the executor was ordered to place said sum in the hands of the Court of Probate to be deposited in the Savings Bank of Newport, for Miss Jennie M. Sherman, it being the amount of a legacy left to her in the will.

COUNCIL MATTERS.—A petition was received from the residents of Child's Lane, asking for an appropriation of \$200 for additional repairs to Lower Lane, so called. The petition was referred to the surveyor of highways for district No. 3.

George Wyatt was licensed to sell fire works from this date until July 6, 1897.

Important Announcement

TO THE ART LOVING PUBLIC OF

NEWPORT AND VICINITY.

The undersigned takes great pleasure in informing you that he has opened a

Picture and Frame Establishment

at 184 Thames Street, Mercury Building.

A complete line of Water colors, Etchings, Paintings, Engravings, Photos, etc., etc., is open for inspection. Special mention is made of the

FRAMING DEPARTMENT.

A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF

MOULDINGS,

Comprising all the latest designs in gilt, white and golds and oaks, kept in stock. Frames made to order at shortest notice and at factory prices. Gliding and regilding done on the premises.

A beautiful assortment of everything in the

Art & Frame Line

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

CHAS. JACOBSON,

184 THAMES STREET, MERCURY BUILDING.

"150 Sets of Croquet,"

in all the different grades,

From the cheapest complete set made, for 95 cents, to the finest Club set for \$15.

Complete sets for eight players, for 95c, \$1.49, \$1.90, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4,

\$4.50, \$5, \$7.50, \$10 and \$15.

We are headquarters for outdoor games and carry complete lines of

Base Ball Goods, Tennis, Golf and Archery.

COME IN AND SEE OUR

HAMMOCKS.

over 25 different styles to select from, from \$9 to \$50.

A. C. LANDERS.

COVELL'S BLOCK,

167 Thames Street,

Headquarters for Outdoor and Indoor GAMES AND SPORTS.

I AM SOLE AGENT FOR THE

IDEAL DEERING MOWER,

THOMAS HAY TEDDER and

THOMAS RELIABLE RAKE.

All others who offer these goods are not recognized by the manufacturers as authorized agents.

I also have the

Spicer Tedder and the Worcester Rake.

Please call and examine before buying.

Small Haying Tools, Hoes, Forks, &c.

A. A. BARKER,

162 & 164

BROADWAY.

New Advertisements.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK, OUR GUARANTEE.

Close

Inspection

of quality and prices on

Clothing, Hats, Caps and

Men's Furnishings,

will convince you that we give more for the money than anybody else in town. We're showing the handiest kind of Men's Business and Dress Suits, at \$10, \$12 and \$15. Buiks that fit and give satisfaction.

Model Clothing Co.,

192 & 194 THAMES ST.

Dr. William T. Lusk, president of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, died suddenly in New York last Saturday of cerebral apoplexy.

"I hear that they have read Smithers out of the Populist party."

"Indeed? What was the trouble?"

"He said that he was not prepared to believe that all men who had more money than he possessed were hopeless and forever damned."

New Advertisements.

SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI

IN THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Annual Meeting of the Society, instituted in 1790, will be held, pursuant to law, in the Senate Chamber of the State House, Newport, R. I., on MONDAY, July 6, 1897, at 11:30 o'clock a.m., for the election of officers and transaction of other business.

All members of the Society of the Cincinnati are invited to attend.

The public ceremonial celebration of the 125th Anniversary of American Independence will consist of a special church service to be held in Trinity Church, Newport, on the afternoon of July 4, preceding, and commemorative addresses and other exercises in Representatives' Hall, State House, Newport, on MONDAY, July 6, at 3 o'clock p.m., to which the public are invited.

The annual meeting of the Society will take place on Tuesday, the 7th instant.

By order of the Standing Committee:

ASA HIRD GARDNER, Secretary.

6-19

Island Savings Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 16, 1897.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the corporators of this bank the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:

President—Augustus C. Titus.

Vice Presidents—John F. Barnard, Perry G. Case.

Trustees—Augustus C. Titus, John F. Barnard, Perry G. Case, Pleasant A. Brown, David Brainerd, Captain H. Reynolds, Dr. C. F. Drury, Dr. N. G. Stanton, William A. Arms, Secretary and Treasurer—George H. Proud.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.

6-19

Island Savings Bank.

42nd DIVIDEND.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 16, 1897.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of 5% per cent, per annum on all deposits entitled thereto, will be paid on and after Wednesday, July 15, 1897.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.

6-19

Island Savings Bank.

43rd DIVIDEND.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 16, 1897.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the corporators of this bank the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:

President—George B. Congdon.

Vice President—Jenl. F. C. Boyd.

Treasurer—Henry Anthony.

Trustees—Henry Anthony, for three years;

George Anthony, for one year.

As there was important business to come before the meeting, the corporation adjourned, hoping to have a larger attendance of lot owners at the next meeting.

A Great Train to the Seventh Annual Convention Baptist Young People at Chattanooga, Tenn.

The grandest trip of the season has been arranged, over the Southern Railway, to Chattanooga and Nashville. A personally conducted party will leave Boston July 12th, New York July 13th, returning July 22d, visiting Washington, Ashville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Norfolk and Old Point Comfort. A most delightful vacation trip for the old and young. This is the official tour for the delegates from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, and the Virginia and Carolinas. A large delegation from Connecticut and New York will join the party.

Write to any agent of the Southern Railway for full particulars, descriptive matter of the great route to Chattanooga "Through the Land of the Sky." New York office, 271 Broadway; Boston office, 228 Washington street.

It is easy to get men to see that matters are not right, but much harder to get them ready to make them right.

It is easy to get men to see that matters are not right, but much harder to get them ready to make them right.

WHEELS!

Have you any use for one? We are selling them cheap for

= CASH. =

PRICES ON SUNDRIES AWAY DOWN.

SADDLES, from \$1.75 up.

TOE CLIPS, 10c.

TRousERS' GUARDS, 3c.

Call and see our NEWS-STAND. All the latest literature free.

BAILEY & CO.,

17 Mill Street.

Renting and Repairing.

DO YOU KNOW

That a Typewriter will save you time, make you money and please your correspondents? Tower's NEW FRANKLIN Typewriter, price \$75.00, is a first class Typewriter at a reasonable price. It is the simplest, lightest running, easiest, fastest and the most durable Typewriter made. On the majority of other high grade machines the carriage has to be lifted before the work can be seen. On the New Franklin the work is in sight from the time the first letter is written until the paper is removed from the typewriter.

We will place a machine in your office and if you find you cannot use it to excellent advantage, the trial costs you nothing. For illustrated catalogues and full particulars write to

CUTTER TOWER CO.,

12 A Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Established, 1845.

AND

NORCIA is hereby given that I will sell the said articles and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said city of Newport on the 30th day of June, 1897, at 11 o'clock a.m., for the satisfaction of tax or other debts or incumbrances on the same, costs of sale, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

NEWPORT WEDNESDAY, June 30.

Tell us concisely to the point in as accurate personal knowledge; I can and do appreciate what is communicated, is the only big of First Class Exhibits of the kind that can or will be put up at the fair.

JAMES A. BAILEY, solo owner of the Barren & Bailey's Greatest of Shows on Earth.

THE ONLY EXHIBITION OF HEROIC-SIZE AND FAME.

Based on Millions.

True, Moral, Glorious.

2 Biggest Menageries, +

2 Biggest Circuses, +

2 Biggest Hippodromes, +

1 Biggest Shows, +